

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

I.—FIRST PERSON—SPEAKING.

I AM a minister's wife. I didn't mean to be! Such a thing never entered into my calculations. And so our parish cannot charge me with "malice afore-thought." And I do honestly suppose that if Hugh had carried Sarah Barrett's books to and from school instead of mine, —if he had twined forest leaves around her hat in summer, and placed his sled at her disposal in winter, our people would be much better satisfied with Mrs. Hugh Smith than they are at present; and I should be—not quite so happy. But as Paddy said, "the short of it is," people are perverse about this matter of matrimony, and match-making don't go as the world wills. So it happened that I was courted from the first day my braids were tied with blue ribbons, (I have them yet—those ribbons—for I am sure they did the business for me!) until the morning when I knelt in white at the church altar and people whispered, "She is indeed too young to marry yet."

Hugh hadn't always meant to be a minister, though old ladies always told him he was of a "thoughtful turn of mind." It was during his last year in college that he decided to study theology. We were engaged then, and he wrote me about it a long, earnest letter, very much like that of Paul to Timothy when he says, "Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." "Just like a man," thought I, "arranging all my duties in 'apple-pie order,' and then calling me, like a spaniel, to come and pick up first this, then that, as I was bidden."

However, I was not vexed, though I

had not been consulted. My faith was strong in Hugh, and I would not be the one to say him nay, while he was promising our Master to fulfil his blessed command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," although I had no idea it involved so much travel as I have since found to be the case. I did not fear for Hugh, but exalted him at once into a sort of semi-celestial sphere, midway between earth and heaven. But poor me! how was I ever to climb up there? Such remarks as people would make when they heard of it! My friends often called me crazy Kate, when I was very gay, and it would be in everybody's mouth, "What a thing for a minister's wife?" But then, they didn't know what solemn, earnest thoughts I had sometimes, nor how Hugh's letter had stirred within me the desire "to go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem," not knowing the things which might befall me there. But I need not tell how I answered that letter, and blotted the paper all over with tears; nor how tenderly Hugh handled my poor little doves of excuses, nor how hard I tried to be good and very sober all those three years while he was reading Genesis in Hebrew, and John in the original Greek; nor how he was settled over a church in the country, leading me thither to be his helpmate in the work of winning souls, and wondering why the parish didn't pay; in which last I think I may modestly say he has found me a faithful co-labourer.

But there are some things I do not wish to tell, even at the risk of being tedious. I think no one ever entered upon a field of labour with a clearer view of the premises than myself, and I must confess that by and with the advice and consent of my friends, I saw nothing

but stumps. The only wedding gifts I had of any account were counsels, and these were showered upon me in such profusion that I very soon became aware that I was regarded in my own town as a chit of a thing worth nothing at all.

Hugh trusted me—he only—and I need not say that when it was all over, and I rode into W—, I was about the size of a church-mouse in my own estimation. I only felt sure of one thing, and that was my wardrobe. I was confident that my garments were sufficiently sombre. I was guiltless of bright colours. Drab predominated; and if the object to be studied was, as I had been taught to believe, to make myself look as holy as possible, I think the ultimatum must have been reached when I went to church the first Sunday in that gray bonnet with the pale green face-trimmings. To this day it is a standing consolation that, whatever else may have been said of me, I have never been accused of that heinous sin, a minister's wife dressing unbecomingly. I think my instructions before I left home had been so explicit that I was partially prepared for the numerous honours that awaited us at the commencement of our new life. Hugh was immediately put upon the School Committee, elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association, invited to the Superintendency of the Sunday-School, and duly established a society for the promotion of the moral, religious, intellectual and social interests of the town. The harness fitted him well. I do not know that it fretted him, or that anybody found fault with him; and I began to think that my stumps were pebbles after all.

But alas for us of the feminine gender! Though Moses was the meekest of men, there is never any mention made of his wife as being possessed of that virtue in any remarkable degree; from which we are led to believe she was possessed of a shrewish disposition. Poor thing! we cannot tell what her trials may have been! I was first chosen President of the Congregational Sewing Circle. I declined the honour in compliance with advice I had received, to remember that I was young in years. Of course everybody reasoned that poor Mr. Smith had blundered sadly when he married. He

could expect no help from that inefficient wife of his, and it was a pity such a devoted young minister should have started with such a drawback.

Next, I was selected first directress of the Dorcas Society, and accepted. Then Mrs. Smith was altogether too forward. To think that she should presume to take the place of Mrs. Jones!

Again, I returned my calls promptly. It was very strange Mrs. Smith should go out so much! she must be a miserable housekeeper! Then I stayed at home, and it was stranger still that Mrs. Smith went out so little. One week I declined the direction of the Juvenile Society, and was astonished to learn that I had no interest in the young people. Mrs. Smith was entirely too grave. The next week I accepted the position, and was still more astonished to hear I cared for nothing but young society. Mrs. Smith was entirely too gay! However, Hugh was satisfied, and I was beginning to content myself with the reflection that I must learn to labour and then wait for the "Well done" of the Master.

There must be a sunny side somewhere. I had read of it, and Hugh had confidently prophesied it, and at length I began to find myself creeping into it; though I was somewhat surprised to find that it was flecked with shadows. For instance, only one man in town had garden sauce for sale. I went one day to buy some lettuce, and he would receive no pay. I thanked him, though I felt a little uneasy all the while. Very soon I tried the experiment again with similar results. Despite all I could say, he refused the money, of course with the kindest and most generous motive. But it is needless to say that was the end of the lettuce, and during the remainder of the season we were compelled to forego the luxury. Again I sent some garments to the milliner's to be pinked, there being no other machine in the place. On calling for them I drew out my port-monnaie, as any other lady would do, when I was informed no charge was ever made the minister's wife for work of that kind. I appreciated the motive, but of course must hereafter content myself with rough edges or plain hems.

We remained in W— just a year, and I candidly confess that, with all

my cutting and trimming to parish opinion, I am very much afraid that Mrs. Smith was answerable for the change in our location. I shall not be beguiled into disclosing how many times we have changed our habitation since that time, but will only content myself with hinting, in true feminine fashion, that if we do not remain more stationary the next ten years, it is my opinion that we shall reach the point from whence we started, and though Mr. Smith will not have fulfilled the command to preach the Gospel to every creature, still I think the number of his hearers will be anything but moderate. I know not how long we shall remain where we are. But I am older now, and better I trust. I love to work with Hugh, and be persecuted for righteousness' sake—sometimes for my folly's sake! Every year the sunny side grows sunnier, and I receive much kindness not upon the lettuce principle. Shadows dwindle, and every duty is not a stump-fence, as it used to be, which it is neither safe to climb nor let alone. I trust there may be some stars in my crown, though there will be many more in Hugh's.

So, my sister, whatever the world says, if you want to marry a minister, count the cost, then go and do likewise; for I tell you privately that I don't think Hugh regrets the blue ribbons, and I don't believe, though people shook their heads at the marriage, that he is sorry it wasn't Sarah Barret instead of me; and furthermore, and above all, the work is sweet for the dear Lord's sake.—*Principia.*

BISHOP COLENSO AND BISHOP NEWTON ON UNIVERSAL RESTORATION.

WE are glad to find this fearless lover of truth, and outspoken divine, has repudiated the doctrine of eternal torment, and adopts the doctrine of universal salvation. This is a much more important step towards making the Church national a Church rational, than exploding all the false theories of inspiration that prevail. Mankind are terrified to seek for truth, lest they should be losers of heaven, and be cast into outer darkness for faithfully seeking heavenly light.

This is a strange state of the Christian Church; yet this is true. We must demolish that dread which keeps men in fear and in the bonds of superstition. As soon as we can say "God has not given unto us the spirit of fear," we will then be able to add with the Apostle, "but the spirit of power, and of love, and a sound mind." We do not doubt the fear of everlasting hell having been taken away from the Bishop's mind led him among other things to seek further light and avow the truth he discovered. On these words of St. Paul, "Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God," he affirms his conviction that this is a full proof of the final holiness and felicity of mankind. These are his words: "I cannot shut my eyes to the *truth* which these words appear so clearly to imply, that there is hope in the counsels of Infinite Wisdom and Love for all, for all 'the creature,' for the whole human race, that fell in Adam and has been graciously redeemed in Christ. The 'children of God,' the faithful and true of all ages, all lands, all religions, will be revealed, will receive their 'glorious freedom' in the Kingdom of their Lord. While others, perhaps the great mass of human kind, who have been wilfully unfaithful, in greater or less degree to the light vouchsafed to them, and are still willingly held in the bondage of corruption, though they may have asserted their freedom from it, and lived as good men and true, with the grace vouchsafed to them, will receive their righteous judgment unto condemnation—'indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that worketh evil.' But this chastisement, after all, comes from a Father's hand, upon those who may be wilful, prodigal, unruly, disobedient, but yet are creatures, whom he himself has redeemed, for whom Christ died. Can we say with these words of St. Paul before us, that such chastisement, however severe, may not be remedial, may not be intended to work out the 'hope,' under which the whole race has been 'subjected to vanity,' which 'hope' in the Apostle's mind, is the justification of the Eternal Justice and Love in so subjecting it, when it had not deserved such a fate nor

brought it about 'of its own accord,' by any act of its own? Is there not ground, from this text, as well as others, for trusting that, in some way unknown to us, THE WHOLE RACE shall indeed be made to share this hope at last, and so be 'set free from the bondage of corruption, into the freedom of the glory of the children of God.'" We certainly think from this conclusive testimony that the Bishop is all right with St. Paul on this question. But now it may be said that Bishop Colenso is a heretic on many essential points of religion, and that we must be careful how we accept his interpretation on any question. We therefore beg to introduce another high dignitary of the Church of England, a late Bishop of Bristol—Bishop Newton, the celebrated writer on prophecy, and whose works on the Bible are found in almost every orthodox family and library. He writes on the doctrine of future punishment and final restoration the following strong and forcible words: "No creature can be so totally depraved and abandoned as to hold out under the most exquisite tortures, obstinate and obdurate unto all eternity. Some may persist for a longer time, some for a shorter term: but in the end all must be subdued, so that their punishment may be more properly called indefinite than infinite. God is love, and he would rather not have given life than render that life a torment and curse to all eternity. Man must indeed have been made a free, rational, moral agent, or otherwise he could not have been capable of good or evil, or reward or punishment—and it is as just and reasonable and fitting that he should be punished for his evil actions, as that he should be rewarded for his goodness. But God never inflicts punishment merely for punishment's sake. In the midst of judgment he remembers mercy. His chastisements, like those of a loving father, are designed not to harden men in sin, but to recover them to goodness, to correct and meliorate their nature, to terrify, to compel, to persuade, to oblige, and at length to bring them to repentance and reformation. His goodness could never give birth to any one being, and much less to a number of beings whose end he fore-saw, and could not but foresee, would be

irretrievable misery,—nor could even his justice for short-lived transgressions inflict everlasting punishments. Imagine a creature, nay imagine numberless creatures produced out of nothing—and therefore guilty of no prior offence, sent into the world of frailty, which it is well known before hand they will so use as to abuse it, and then for the excesses of a few years delivered over to torments of endless ages, without the least hope or possibility of relaxation or redemption. Imagine it you may, *but you can never seriously believe it nor reconcile it to God's goodness.* The thought is shocking even to human nature, and how much more abhorrent then must it be to divine perfections. God must have made ALL his creatures FINALLY TO BE HAPPY. He could never make any whose end he foreknew would be misery everlasting."

How rational, pious, and refreshing are such sentences. Another distinguished clergyman of the Church of England has written a sentence on the future condition of mankind that produced quite a sensation in the Court of Arches when it was read over by the Judge (Dr. Lushington); the moral feeling of the court seemed quite to go with it, but the Judge said, fine as it was, "it was contrary to the doctrine of the Church," and so he recorded, in spite of his feelings, his verdict against it. But we live in hope the day is near at hand when the Church and the world will adopt this high and benevolent view expressed in those words to which we refer. "The Roman Church has imagined an infant limbo; we must rather entertain a hope that there shall be found after the great adjudicature, receptacles suitable for those who shall be infants, not as to years of terrestrial life, but as to spiritual development; nurseries, as it were, and seed grounds, where the undeveloped may grow up under new conditions, the stunted may become strong, and the perverted be restored; and when the Christian Church, in all its branches, shall have fulfilled its sublunary offices, and its Founder shall have surrendered his Kingdom to the Great Father, ALL, both small and great, shall find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, to repose or be quickened into higher life, in the ages to come, according to his will."

THE TRUTHSEEKER,
A REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND EVENTS
RELATING TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF
RELIGIOUS LIFE AND LIBERTY IN THE
CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

On the 1st day of May, 1863, will be
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THE REV. JOHN PAGE HOPPS,
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And other occasional Contributors.

Reviews have become necessities.
Cheap Reviews have yet to become institutions.

There are but few who can keep pace, at first hand, with the rapid issue of important books and the occurrence of grave and instructive events in what is called "the religious world." Only the fortunate few who have plenty of time on their hands, and as much money, are able to surround themselves with books and records—the original sources of information denied to the hard-pressed many, who have to depend, therefore, on the reviewer to tell them as much as they have money to pay for or time to hear.

The TRUTHSEEKER, then, will endeavour to supply to some extent a review that seems to be wanted; catholic in spirit, unsectarian in aim, and accessible to all; containing, from time to time, in addition to its reviews, original articles on Ecclesiastical History and Biography, ancient forms of Christian faith, modern Church life and organization, the differences and agreements of the various sections of the Christian Church, and the text of the New Testament, with explanations of difficult passages and inexact translations; thus giving a permanent interest to its labours.

The TRUTHSEEKER will start with no declaration of faith,—will imprison itself in no anticipatory pledge beyond that

indicated in its name. Mindful of the exertions of others in the same good cause, it will endeavour to select for itself a work of its own. Its outlook will rather be upon many Churches than upon one. For no Church is perfect, either in its theology or its polity. Every Church has its own work to do and its own testimony to bear: the measure of its departure from the truth being simply the measure of its unfaithfulness to its vocation. We have more need of each other than we can ever know; and even the exaggeration or the error from which we shrink, may be necessary for awhile to counteract an opposite exaggeration in ourselves. One thing is clear—Churches thrive and produce good fruits with various and even contradictory faiths and forms: a fact which may well suggest the enquiry whether there must not be something vital and essential in all.

Beneath all our forms of faith and polity, there is a vein of gold on which all the superstructure rests. We must try to reach this. And above all our departing Churches and shifting creeds there is one Heaven of light which is the same for evermore. This we must try to see.

But though all this be so to the pure eyes of Christian charity, it does not follow that we are to dwell patiently with error or to make terms of peace with existing wrong. The evil may have a result for good, and yet, for its own sake, the evil must be openly and consistently opposed. The evil may even exist in our own midst, but none the less is it to be drawn to the light, sorrowfully but faithfully.

The good in all the Churches will be welcomed, then, for its own sake, as helpful and instructive to all; while the evil will only be noticed for the homage it pays, by its contrast, to the good.

Thus much it has been thought desirable to say to indicate the spirit and object of The TRUTHSEEKER. Its future labours must tell the rest.

The TRUTHSEEKER, price threepence, will be published on the 1st of every month. It may be had direct from the Office, Angel Street, Sheffield, for 4s. a year, *post free* (the year commencing at any time), or it may be had, month by month.

"MOTHER JENNISON."

AN AMERICAN PAPER.

IN an old but cleanly town
 On the Hudson's eastern side,
 Near the Catskill's ivory crown,
 Years agone did I reside,
 Shepherd of a goodly fold,
 Preaching to a quiet people,
 In a chapel plain and old,
 With neither tower or steeple.

A widow, feeble, poor and old,
 Lingering beyond fourscore,
 Craving neither lands nor gold,
 Rich in faith and Bible lore,
 Dwelling in a humble cot,
 Passed her weary days,
 Murmuring, complaining not,
 Full of joy and praise.

IN that city there reside
 Men of fortune and of pride,
 Men of reputation wide,
 Many a famous denizen ;
 But not one among them all,
 Rich, and poor, and great and small,
 On whom I was wont to call,
 So blest as Mother Jennison.

Gorgeous palaces are there,
 With upholstery rich and rare,
 Whose owners sumptuously fare
 Every day, on duck or hare,
 Turtle, grouse or venison ;
 But no viands worldlings eat
 Can afford so rich a treat,
 So refreshing, or so sweet,
 As the unseen angel's meat
 Spread for Mother Jennison.

They who know the pastor's lot,
 Know that it hath trials,—
 What vocation hath them not ?—
 Crosses, self-denials.
 In hours despondent if I went,
 By the spirit led or sent,
 To her peaceful humble dwelling,
 Humble as a soldier's tent,
 There I always found a vent,
 In the smile of her content,
 To the grief within me swelling.

If, with cares or labours vexed,
 Or, with wearied-mind, perplexed,
 What to give the people next,
 To her side I hastened ;

In her presence I forgot
 All the sorrows of my lot,
 While her converse kindled thought,
 And my spirit chastened.

She to me was more than teacher,
 More than lecturer or preacher,
 More than Chapin, King, or Beecher :
 Dear old Mother Jennison !
 Her zeal my own has often fired,
 And her spirit mine inspired
 More than poet most admired,
 Longfellow or Tennyson.

Once I found her sinking low,
 Hovering on death's border,
 All in readiness to go,
 Waiting for the order.
 In the cottage where she dwelt,
 At her bedside as we knelt,
 Sending up our hearts in prayer,
 Her breathed responses seemed to melt
 All around her, and we felt
 'Twas a privilege to be there.

Death relented, life returned ;
 Though the boon she never spurned,
 Yet anew her spirit yearned
 For the Master's firman ;
 And in language though unlearned,
 Yet she spake in "Words that burned,"
 While she seemed to angel turned
 As I listened, and I learned
 More than from a sermon.

"My Redeemer dear," she said,
 "Has been all around my bed,
 Heaven within and overhead,
 Through the valley I was led,
 Filled with peace and glory,
 O my brother, persevere,
 Never falter, faint nor fear,
 Tell to mortals far and near,
 Whether men forbear or hear,
 All the wondrous story."

Faith that men shall live and reign
 With a Saviour loved and slain,
 Cleansed from every earthly stain,
 With her being blended ;
 And such a life was not in vain,
 Though passed in poverty and pain ;
 To live was Christ, to die was gain ;
 Her pilgrimage is ended.

Now that she has gone aloft,
 I recall her presence oft,
 And reclaim her benison ;
 Cold hearts that disbelieved and scoffed,
 In her communion were made soft :
 Farewell ! Mother Jennison.

DOUBTERS AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

BY AN ORTHODOX WRITER.

ALL young people who do their own thinking or any considerable part of it, are liable to be more or less troubled with doubts. They pass through an attack of heresies almost as regularly as through measles; in fact, the one bears about the same relation to the soul that the other does to the body; neither being dangerous if well treated, but capable of causing the greatest injury if carelessly or ignorantly managed.

There are two kind of doubters among the young; one, the bright, active, "smart" fellow, who wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not going to believe that two and two make four, simply because his father did. He insists on a demonstration of it to his own satisfaction, and if you cannot demonstrate it to him, and there is evidence that two and two make five, why, he will believe that two and two make five, notwithstanding the arithmetics. For that matter, the very fact that all arithmetics have hitherto made and maintained this assertion, is rather a reason to him why he should not believe it—at least it gives him a lively desire not to believe it. He wishes the world and posterity to be aware that his is an original mind, looking at things as they are, and not at things as old fogies see them. His doubts are consequently brought forward promiscuously, publicly, on the slightest provocation. It gratifies him to have an opportunity—or to make one—to shew the investigating, independent, fearless turn of his mind. Not that he is not a very fine young fellow. He may be really promising and superior. It is a more hopeful sign in a young man to be too stirring than too stagnant. It is natural for old men to err on the side of conservatism, for the young, on the side of radicalism; and it is unnatural for them to change places. When college, or contact with men and affairs, has taken the conceit out of our friend, and the furnace of affliction has boiled him down, and time has enlarged his vision, and matured his judgment, he will be an excellent citizen, one of

the pillars of the church—if he is but decently manipulated.

The second doubter is quieter, graver, more reticent. You may live a year with him, and not discover that he does not go along your highway, but strikes out into little by-paths of his own. His differences from your opinion are modestly and hesitatingly spoken, generally unpremeditated, or divulged by accident, or perhaps timidly suggested to you in half-way hints, with a vain hope that you may come to the rescue. They almost sadden him. It is a sacrifice to him to be obliged to go contrary to the tradition of the elders. He wishes that he could believe implicitly everything which he has been taught. His doubts are real difficulties.

Now, in both these cases, it is of the utmost importance, though for different reasons, that the person or persons to whom such doubts are expressed, should not be shocked, startled, or surprised. In the first place, it is just what young fellow number one wants. Nothing would please him better than to throw a shell into the orthodox camp, and see it burst, and scatter the orthodox in all directions. Nothing will take the wind out of his sails more effectually than to have you go up to his tremendous shell, and turn it over with your boot, and roll it about playfully, and demonstrate that, after all, it is only a harmless foot-ball—you have seen scores of them in your day—in fact, patronized them yourself, when you were young. Finding that he does not make a sensation, will presently cure him of trying to make sensations, and the desire to make them will die out altogether before long.

It is absolutely essential, however, that you receive young fellow number two with an unruffled deportment. You are not to be shocked, first, because if you are, you will repulse him, and secondly, because there is really nothing shocking about it. The Bible is a quarry of truth in which men have been digging for centuries, and have brought up many a massive block, most of which are as yet but blocks, irregular and uncouth. Comparatively few have been carved into stately statuary, that can delight the eye and satisfy the soul. One looks farther into the future than another. You see

the Apollo hidden in the marble, but your young friend sees only a jagged fragment; and there is nothing that need surprise you in his limited vision. To be shocked, and to let him see that you think him on the high road to Infidelity and Atheism, because he cannot look upon this, that, and the other as you do, because he cannot reconcile seeming discrepancies, nor prevent their troubling him, is the sure way to drive him headlong into the very slough of infidelity. He knows that he is sincerely seeking the truth. He knows that he is not only willing but anxious to believe in the Bible; and to have you start back in horror at his explorations, and hint of rationalism, and free thinking, and shipwreck, not only disgusts him, but has a strong tendency to throw discredit on a Bible which cannot stand the test of sound reasoning and careful inquiry; and so his mole-hills are magnified into mountains of difficulty. To be sure, it is you that are weak in the knees, not the Bible; but he, as well as many others who are older and wiser than he, is very apt to confound a cause with its supporters, and to make the weakness of the latter an indication of the weakness of the former. He will, perhaps, never again mention the subject to you, but, kept back in the recesses of his own mind, it will loom up a hideous monster, while if you had brought it out into the light, it would have "roared him as gently as a sucking dove."

The true way is to receive him kindly, and draw out his thoughts freely and fully. If he has difficulties which you can explain thoroughly, explain them, but do not attempt to do so unless before you begin you are quite sure you can finish. An explanation that does not explain, is a thousand times worse than none; while few things will give him more confidence in himself, and you, and the Bible, than for you frankly to say, "That point is indeed hard to be understood. I do not fully comprehend it myself, but it does not trouble me. I have put it aside as one of those things that we know not now, but shall know hereafter." Lay it down at the outset that nobody is responsible for the Bible. Nobody is under bonds to make its different parts dovetail together. It is

God's book, and its harmony is his affair, not ours. Our business is to study and practise it. If any one chooses to harmonize Geology and Genesis, or the Law and the Gospel, very well. It will doubtless do much in the way of removing stumbling blocks, and as a missionary work is well worth while. But to do it for the Bible's sake is absurd—and there is a great deal of that sort of thing done. One would think that the Bible was gotten up by a conspiracy of Christians, who felt bound to put it through, and that if all its crooked places were not made straight, it would go by the board. Do not fall into this mistake, with your ingenuous and doubting friend. Let him see that you, for one, believe in the Bible thoroughly—believe in its Divine origin and self-sustaining power, and that it will go on a year or two longer, even if you cannot put everything right. Your confidence will be contagious. He will instinctively feel that a cause which gives its friends so little anxiety, must have an inward strength. Teach him also how to take his reckonings, by showing him that the greater number of our opinions are but the balance of probabilities, and that we believe the Bible, notwithstanding its obscurities, and apparent discrepancies, just as we believe a great many other things, because it is far easier to believe than to disbelieve; but do not for a moment suppose that you are advancing the cause of truth, by denying that it is beset with difficulties, or by ridiculing or repelling those who cannot fail to discern them.

TRACTS FOR THE MILLIONS.

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A DEDUCTIVE ARGUMENT FOR
THE FUTURE STATE.

BY THE LATE HENRY T. BUCKLE.

I WILL venture to state what I apprehend to be the safest and most impregnable ground on which the supporters of this great doctrine can take their stand.

That ground is the universality of the affections; the yearning of every mind to care for something out of itself. For this is the very bond and seal of our common humanity; it is the golden link which knits together and preserves the human species. It is in the need of loving and of being loved, that the highest instincts of our nature are first revealed. Not only is it found among the good and the virtuous, but experience proves that it is compatible with almost any amount of depravity, and with almost every form of vice. No other principle is so general or so powerful. It exists in the most barbarous and ferocious states of society, and we know that even sanguinary and revolting crimes are often unable to efface it from the breast of the criminal. It warms the coldest temperament, and softens the hardest heart. However a character may be deteriorated and debased, this single passion is capable of redeeming it from utter defilement, and of rescuing it from the lowest depths. And if, from time to time, we hear of an apparently well attested case of its entire absence, we are irresistibly compelled to believe that, even in that mind, it lurks unseen; that it is stunted, not destroyed; that there is yet some nook or cranny in which it is buried; that the avenues from without are not quite closed; and that, in spite of adverse circumstances, the affections are not so dead but that it would be possible to rouse them from their torpor, and kindle them into life.

Look now at the way in which this god-like and fundamental principle of our nature acts. As long as we are with those whom we love, and as long as the sense of security is unimpaired, we rejoice, and the remote consequences of our love are usually forgotten. Its fears and its risks are unheeded. But the dark

day approaches, and the moment that sorrow is at hand, other and yet essential parts of our affections come into play. And if, perchance, the struggle has been long and arduous; if we have been tempted to cling to hope when hope should have been abandoned, so much the more are we at the last changed and humbled. To note the slow, but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, to see the strength gradually waning, the limbs tottering more and more, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees, the eye paling and losing its lustre, the tongue faltering as it vainly tries to utter its words of endearment, the very lips hardly able to smile with their wonted tenderness;—to see this, is hard indeed to bear, and many of the strongest natures have sunk under it. But when even this is gone; when the very signs of life are mute; when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us naught save the shell and husk of what we loved too well, then truly, if we believed the separation were final, how could we stand up and live? We have staked our all upon a single cast, and lost the stake. There, where we have garnered up our hearts, and where our treasure is, thieves break in and spoil. Methinks, that in that moment of desolation, the best of us would succumb, but for the deep conviction that all is not really over; that we have as yet only seen a part; and that something remains behind. Something behind; something which the eye of reason cannot discern, but on which the eye of affection is fixed. What is that, which, passing over us like a shadow, strains the aching vision as we gaze at it? Whence comes that sense of mysterious companionship in the midst of solitude; that ineffable feeling which cheers the afflicted? Why is it that, at these times, our minds are thrown back on themselves, and, being so thrown, have a forecast of another and a higher state? If this be a delusion, it is one which the affections have themselves created, and we must believe that the purest and noblest elements of our nature conspire to deceive us. So surely as we lose what we love, so surely does hope mingle with grief. That if a man stood alone, he would deem himself mortal, I can well

imagine. Why not? On account of his loneliness, his moral faculties would be undeveloped, and it is solely from them that he could learn the doctrine of immortality. There is nothing, either in the mechanism of the material universe, or in the vast sweep and compass of science, which can teach it. The human intellect, glorious as it is, and in its own field almost omnipotent, knows it not. For the province and function of the intellect is to take those steps, and to produce those improvements, whether speculative or practical, which accelerate the march of nations, and to which we owe the august and imposing fabric of modern civilization. But this intellectual movement which determines the condition of a man, does not apply with the same force to the condition of men. What is most potent in the mass, loses its supremacy in the unit. One law for the separate elements; another law for the entire compound. The intellectual principle is conspicuous in regard to the race; the moral principle in regard to the individual. And of all the moral sentiments which adorn and elevate the human character, the instinct of affection is surely the most lovely, the most powerful, and the most general. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to assert that this, the fairest and choicest of our possessions, is of so delusive and fraudulent a character, that its dictates are not to be trusted, we can hardly avoid the conclusion, that, inasmuch as they are the same in all ages, with all degrees of knowledge, and with all varieties of religion, they bear upon their surface the impress of truth, and are at once the conditions and consequences of our being.

It is, then, to the sense of immortality with which the affections inspire us, that I would appeal for the best proof of the reality of a future life. Other proofs perhaps there are, which it may be for other men or for other times to work out. But, before this can be done, the entire subject will have to be reopened, in order that it may be discussed with boldness and yet with calmness, which however cannot happen as long as a stigma rests on those who attack the belief; because its assailants, being unfairly treated, will for the most part be either timid or passionate.

GIVING AWAY THE BABY.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"It was the third day after my husband's funeral," said the widow, "and I was so stunned by his sudden death that I could do nothing but sit and think over it, and try to realise how it could be so.

"Even the baby missed him, and would come and stand at my knee, calling 'Papa! papa!' until I thought my poor heart would break. The two oldest children were at school; the rest were out playing, so that I was quite alone.

"Just then Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer drove up in their handsome carriage. They lived not far off, and were our richest neighbours. When I had invited them in, and had dried my tears a little, they seemed at a loss how to begin the conversation, but Charlie had slid away from my side, and went and stood at the lady's knee, and pointing to her heavy gold bracelet, said: 'Pretty! pretty!' in his childish way. She took it off, and gave it to him, saying: 'Won't you come to be my little boy, Charlie?'

"'No, no, mother couldn't spare him,' I said, quickly snatching him away, almost rudely I fear.

"'My dear woman,' began Mr. Lorrimer, 'it has required all your husband's efforts to make a living for you—how can you hope to do it without him?'

"'We offer,' joined in his wife, 'to take the most helpless of your little ones—to give him all the advantages we would our own child; and surely you must see that God's hand is in it—that through us He intends to help you.'

"I need not tell you how long I withheld all their arguments. But at last I consented to consider the matter. In two days, they came for my answer. At last, convinced that it was for the child's good, I consented to give him up. When I went to dress him to go, my resolution almost failed me. I lingered over every article I put on him, and made every dear curl over and over before I could get it to please me; and I kissed the little white shoulders until they were all rosy. But at length he was ready, and I thought he never looked so pretty. He was full of animation, for he was old enough to know what it meant to 'go riding,' and

he clapped his hands, and laughed aloud at the horses, as they were driven up.

"When I came back into the house, the first thing my eye fell on was his cradle. I could only throw myself on it, and sob aloud. Then came the trial of telling the whole truth to the children. None of them seemed reconciled, and I felt that the worst was to come when the two oldest should return from school. I almost dreaded to meet them, especially Willie; he was like his father, so quiet and calm, outwardly, but hiding beneath his apparent coldness the strongest, deepest feelings. But the others went to meet them as they came home, and I was pleasantly disappointed in the way the oldest took it. He seemed to feel that I had done it for the best, and that he must hide his own sorrow for my sake. He was more thoughtful for my comfort, gentler than ever, only very still and grave.

"The day ended, as the longest will at last, and it came time to go to bed. I had taken Willie to sleep down stairs near me, since his father's death. The other children slept just above us. Well, when I came to lie down, there was the empty pillow! Baby had always laid his little rosy face as close to mine as he could get it, and slept with one little warm hand on my neck. All my grief broke out afresh when I thought of him. Willie raised up at last, and said earnestly: 'Mother, it's Charlie you are crying for, isn't it?'

"'Yes,' I answered; 'I know it's for the best, but, oh! it's so hard to give him up.'

"'Mother,' continued the child, 'when father died we knew it was all for the best, because God took him from us; but I have been thinking ever since we laid down how poor little Charlie must be crying for you, and how God gave him to us, to love him and keep him, and now you have given him away. If He had meant him to be Mr. and Mrs. Lorrimer's baby, wouldn't he have given him to them at first?'

The child's words carried more weight with them than all the arguments of my rich neighbours. After considering a moment, I said, impulsively—

"'Oh, if I only had him back, he should never go away again, no matter how poor we might be.'

"'Mother, it's only half a mile across

the fields, and they won't go to bed for a long time at Mr. Lorrimer's; let us go and get Charlie. Why, mother, I seem to hear him crying now.'

"Urged by the child's entreaties and the fond promptings of my own heart, I consented. I think I never walked half a mile so quickly in my life, and neither of us spoke until we reached the mansion. Then we stopped a moment for breath, and sure enough, we could hear baby screaming at the top of his voice. We went round to the sitting-room door and knocked. They seemed half-frightened when they saw who it was, but asked us in politely. A hired nurse was walking with the child up and down the floor, trying to pacify it. Mrs. Lorrimer had wearied herself out, and was lying on a lounge.

"'Come to mother,' Willie said, and he brought the little fellow to me at once.

"How he clung to me, still sobbing, yet smiling all the while to find himself in my arms.

"'I cannot give him up,' I said at last, when I could get my voice clear. 'You must let me take him home.'

"They evidently thought me the silliest of women, but their cold words only made me the more determined, and we started back in less than half an hour after we came, I carrying the baby; Willie offered to help me, but I felt as though I could carry him in my arms for ever.

"I need not tell you how wild with joy the rest of the children were when they found the baby in bed the next morning.

"When the affair came to be known, many blamed me, and many favours that my rich neighbours would otherwise have done me they withheld, I think, for my folly, as they called it. But a few poor women like myself, that had always nursed their own children, said I did right. We had many trials, and often scarcely a crust of bread in the house; but our hardships only bound us the more closely together. All my children proved comforts and blessings to me. The rest married in the course of time, and left me; but the prop of my old days, the one whose industry and management gave me this plentiful and comfortable home, has never left me since the day I gave him away."—*Little Pilgrim.*

A DIALOGUE.

Cler.—Well Dick, I saw you at chapel on Sunday evening; how did you like my doctrine?

Dick.—Why Sir, I cannot say much about your doctrine,—I was pleased with your organ. As to the tidings you bring us, I think is not so good as that brought us by the angels to the shepherds: They said it was good news and glad tidings to all men;—you say it is but few: and you must know we should like to go to heaven as well as yourself.

Cler.—No doubt of that, Dick; but if God has decreeed the salvation of some men, and reprobated or shut out of the covenant of grace the rest, you must not reply against God.

Dick.—Sir, I would not reply against my Maker; but if there was such a secret decree, was it not a pity but the angels had known it, that they might not have come with a wrong message, and imposed upon the shepherds? And is it not as remarkable, that the apostles (who preached the gospel under the immediate inspiration of the holy ghost) should not be in the secret? And it is evident they knew nothing about the matter; and therefore without reserve they went every where preaching, through Jesus, the forgiveness of sins; declaring, that whosoever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life; assuring mankind, God was no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him. Now, Sir, is it not strange, that this thing should be hid from inspired men and angels, and revealed to you in particular?

Cler.—No, Dick, I am not alone in this doctrine; there are many learned and sensible men, who have written volumes endeavouring to prove the fact.

Dick.—It may be so, but I hope they never will. Look Sir, think, if this should be the case, what a fine pickle our town may be in, if we should be all of the unhappy number of reprobates, who were eternally excluded from mercy! For if we believe Christ died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, we believe a lie; and if we do not believe, we make God a liar, and his wrath abideth upon us. What are we to do in this case?

Cler.—You must wait upon the means of grace, and pray the Lord would reveal himself to you. There is a peradventure you may be one of his people.

Dick.—True, Sir, but by the same rule, there is a peradventure I may not. And suppose the chance turn against me, will my prayer alter the decree, and put a non-elect vessel into the covenant of grace? If not you know I shall pray at a sad uncertainty indeed.

Cler.—My inducement for coming here was, in hopes the Lord might call some of his people by my preaching.

Dick.—Very well Sir, so far so good: but query, do you think if you had not come here, there would have been one of the Lord's people lost?

Cler.—No certainly; the elect will inevitably be saved.

Dick.—Do you suppose your coming here will add one to the number?

Cler.—By no means, Dick, it is not possible I should alter the decrees of heaven.

Dick.—Well, Sir, it is true I do not understand Greek and Hebrew, but I do not see but you might as well have staid at home then.

Cler.—You are rather hasty in your conclusions, Dick. Do not you know that God who appointed the end, appointed the means leading to that end?

Dick.—Why, Sir, I do remember a poor preacher once telling me so; but as a predestinarian, who believed the eternal state of every man was fixed, I thought it absurd enough; but as the man had a family, and I knew did not love work, I passed it by. But to the point in hand.—Do you believe, Sir, that those who are excluded the favour of God, are in any degree culpable for rejecting the gospel?

Cler.—Undoubtedly they are. It is their duty at least to believe the external report of the gospel, and regulate their conduct by its precepts, though they cannot believe it to the saving of the soul.

Dick.—How, Sir! Believe the gospel, reform their conduct, and then go to hell! This is bad news indeed! I remember hearing of a good man who was going to preach from these words, *we must all be changed*. But his unlucky coachman, one wicked Will, seeing his master's sermon on the desk, scraped out the word *changed*, and put in *hanged*. When the poor old gentleman came to read his text, he said, *we must all be* —, and making a full pause, his heart filling with grief, and his eyes with tears, *I am sorry to tell you, my friends, we must all be hanged*. The audience, as you must suppose, were a good deal alarmed; but finding the parson in the same predicament with themselves, it seems, they endeavoured to make up their minds concerning it. Now, this was (as a body may say) hard tidings; but you see, Sir, it was sugared milk, when compared with the doleful story you tell us; for these people might have a hope beyond the grave; but according to your, and Mr. Calvin's Creed, there was an eternal decree passed, to exclude the greater part of mankind from all hopes of mercy in another world. It is true, I am not book-learned; but I hope there is a flaw in your creed. The Bible says, God is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his creatures; that he would have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. Now, Sir, according to my little *capacity*, I cannot see where the tender mercy of God is exercised to the man who was eternally excluded the covenant of grace.

Cler.—Well, Dick, you find I have heard you thus far, with that clemency becoming my cloth, I will now endeavour to answer your scruples of conscience. And, first, respecting personal, particular, and eternal election, reprobation, &c., you are to consider as strong meat for men. Babes of your capacity must not expect to comprehend the glory and sublimity of this doctrine, at first sight. And, respecting the general terms in which the apostle speaks of the love of God, you are to consider as the effects of that love,

which was shed abroad in their hearts, by the holy ghost given unto them.

Dick.—Very good, Sir, I like this last part of your definition very well; but, pray Sir, how do you account for the stream rising higher than the fountain? That is to say, that there should be so much generous love and affection in the inspired apostles, and so little and limited love in God, who inspired them.

Cler.—These are deep things, Dick, and though I have had a liberal education, I cannot account for everything. And suppose the apostles' zeal and affection exceeded their commission, I am not accountable for them. I can only say for myself, that I am very cautious of *general terms*, when I am speaking of the love of God to mankind. However, Dick, if you and your family attend upon my ministry, I doubt not but in time you may be reconciled to my doctrine.

Dick.—I do not know that, Sir. I will assure you at present your doctrine seems to me to be quite upon the dismal and doubtful strain; but now you speak of my family, you put me in mind of a question I should like to have solved upon your principles. You must know my daughter Moll has four children, and Nan has three; suppose some of these die in their infancy, will they be happy?

Cler.—This is a subject, Dick, you must know we seldom meddle with; but to be uniform in our sentiments, I can only say, if the children be elect *vessels*, they will certainly go to heaven, and if they are not, they will certainly go — — — Excuse me, I had rather not be explicit; the thought is truly shocking.

Dick.—Shocking indeed! What a pity, Sir, but you had considered the consequences of this shocking scheme before you had entered so deeply into it! A doctrine that casts such reflection on the purity of God, and such gloom and horror on the minds of men!

Cler.—You are too precipitate, Dick. I meant to have added, *I had a secret hope, that all who die in their infancy are elect vessels*; not that I pretend to any authority from scripture for it.

Dick.—Scripture, Sir! I hope you have no authority from thence, for anything you say on this head; for woe be to the world in general, if you have! But (by the way) is it not equally horrid, that the non-elect should be particularly preserved to years of maturity, to be condemned for actual transgression? I think, Sir, what a strange piece of business it must be, for gentlemen of your principles, to say, concerning children indiscriminately when they name them, *this child is regenerated and made a member of Christ*; and concerning all they bury, *our beloved brother departed*.

Cler.—You must be cautious, Dick, in your sayings, and submissive in your will. God is a sovereign, and (like the potter) has a right to do what he will with his own.

Dick.—True, Sir, but did you ever know a wise potter make the meanest of his vessels to dash them to pieces?

Cler.—No, certainly, none but a fool or a madman would do that.

Dick.—And yet, Sir, can you form such an idea of an all-wise and all-gracious Being, whose

very name and nature are love, that he would create millions of immortal souls for eternal misery?

Cler.—But do you not know, Dick, the natural man understandeth not the things of the spirit of God?

Dick.—True, Sir, and therefore as a man cannot understand them naturally, or by the light of nature, God had revealed them to us by his spirit in the gospel, that we might understand them.

Cler.—Yes, Dick, but the word of God will not effect the conversion of a sinner without the power of God.

Dick.—I do not understand you, Sir, do you think, then, God ever spoke without power? You seem to make distinction where there is no difference; at least where the apostle made none: He says the gospel is the power of God.

Cler.—That is a fact; but it is only so to them that believe.

Dick.—Strange indeed, Sir! Why, is not the gospel the same, whether I believe it or not? Do you suppose the word of God converts a man, and then alters its nature from a powerful word to a dead letter? I should suppose the apostle means exactly what he says: That the gospel is the power of God, to the saving them that believe, and condemning them that reject it. In other words, a *saver of life unto life*, or a *saver of death unto death*.

Cler.—But you are to consider mankind in a dead and insensible state, therefore cannot hear nor understand the word of God.

Dick.—Stranger still! But why then, Sir, hath God spoken to them at all; much less complained of them, that when he spake, they would not hear; and when he called them, they would not answer. It does not appear, that Stephen's hearers were in a dead state; for they seem to be at no small pains to get rid of that conviction, the holy ghost conveyed to their consciences; they had to shut up every avenue of their hearts, and put their fingers in their ears; before they could resist the holy ghost, and put that servant of God to death.

Cler.—That was a particular case, Dick, and we consider that only as the common operation of the spirit, and that the special operations of the spirit are peculiar to the elect, on whom he works irresistably.

Dick.—Worse and worse! What, has God given us a divine revelation of himself, indicted by the eternal spirit, and confirmed by miracles; a revelation by which the secrets of all hearts will be judged, and yet not to be understood? Strange indeed! I think you draw a worse picture of the Deity, than historians have drawn of Nero the Roman emperor. However, I doubt not but my townsmen will draw one piece of comfort from your doctrine.

Cler.—What do you suppose that to be, Dick?

Dick.—Why, Sir, they will very naturally conclude, that if they could not understand the spiritual meaning of the gospel, 'till the spirit came to reveal it, that they cannot be culpable for rejecting it.

Cler.—I am sorry to tell you, Dick, you do

not understand inspiration, in a manner I could wish.

Dick.—Why, I will tell you, Sir, I have seen and heard of so many tricks and conjurations under the notion of inspiration, that to be true to you, I am afraid to trust to any but the true inspiration of the spirit of God, in witnessing truth to the conscience of men. Is not the church of Rome supported; and the people juggled out of their money and senses, by this trick of inspiration? Ask a poor papist, who is the apostle Peter's successor? His answer is ready,—*the pope*. Who are the ambassadors of Christ? *The cardinals and priests*. What is truth? *What these inspired servants of the Lord please to call by that name*.—Pity, Sir, but this kind of wicked inspiration had been confined to that country!

Cler.—But I would have you to understand, Dick, our ideas of inspiration are established upon better premises than theirs.

Dick.—I don't doubt but you would, Sir, but there is the difficulty.—I can see no difference.—It seems to me, to run exactly in the same track. They, no doubt, first got the people into a persuasion, that the word of God (though given by the immediate inspiration of the spirit) was not able to make men wise to salvation; and then got themselves inspired, or at least got the people into a persuasion of it. The next thing was, to insinuate (as you do), that a man cannot understand the spiritual meaning of scripture, and therefore must wait 'till the spirit reveal it to him, by the preaching of his inspired ambassadors; and to secure their own importance, and the people in their ignorance, have at length locked up the Bible from the commonalty. As to the gentry, there can be no danger, for we may suppose they trouble themselves as little about religion there, as the great folks do here.

Cler.—But I mean, you do not attribute glory to God for his particular grace to you above the rest of mankind.

Dick.—No, Sir, I can't attribute glory to God for particular grace, when I believe it to be general. I have not such an exalted idea of myself, that I should be a favourite of heaven more than other sinners. Nor is it all my good feelings and sensations, that will persuade me to it. But I remember reading of one of this character, who, I think, would have delighted you on this head.

Cler.—Pray who was that?

Dick.—Why, Sir, I don't know his name; but it seems he was a pharisee, who went up to the temple to pray, and his prayer was in the true Calvinistic style. *God, I thank thee I am not as other men*. That is to say, I thank thee that thou hast exalted me above the rest of mankind, and hast given me grace, and all spiritual blessings, while others are eternally excluded thy favour. Here stands a publican, a sinner, perhaps a non-elect vessel; poor creature! Really I think, if it were not for my piety and purity of soul, I could pity him; but as my high station in the divine favour forbids it, I can only conclude my pious ejaculation with this due distinction; *Nor even as this publican*.

The poor publican, frightened as it were, at hearing the prayer of this angelic creature, stood afar off, and not so much as daring to lift up his eyes to heaven, said, *God, be merciful to me, a sinner*. Here, Sir, you find in the pharisee, all that you can possibly wish. He is no Arminian;—he holds with the doctrine of distinguishing grace to him, above the rest of mankind.—He is no free-willer;—he attributes all his grace and internal excellencies, to the operation of the spirit.—He is no general lover of mankind;—he has an excellent opinion of himself, and despises others.—But alas! How mortifying to this and all the conceited favourites of heaven, that publicans and harlots enter the kingdom before them!

Cler.—But you mistake our sentiments, Dick, we disclaim pharisaical principles.

Dick.—Why so I have heard, Sir, and that is the oddity of the thing, that you should disclaim them, and yet preach the very doctrine on which they are founded; for you cannot personate a pharisee more perfectly, than by conceiting you are a favourite of heaven, while others are rejected. This was the principle which raised that pious indignation in Simon, when he saw the poor woman washing our Lord's feet with her tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head; for though he was rather ashamed to let the company know the nature of good feelings, he said within himself, if this man were a prophet, he would have known who or what manner of a woman this is, for she is a sinner; intimating, if the woman had been as good a kind of a creature as he and his brethren were, it would have been well; but to be indiscriminate in his favours, was insufferable; and it is remarkable, that there is nothing so disgusting to these good sort of folks to this day, as the idea of God being as gracious to sinners in general, as he is to them.

Cler.—Well, Dick, I have taken some pains with you, and should have been glad it had been in my power to have converted you, but I must say, I am under some apprehension of a disappointment.

Dick.—Why truly, Sir, I ought to have no objection to a genuine conversion, but I don't know what you would wish to convert me to, except it be Calvinism, and that seems to be an effectual bar to christianity. Nor would I thank another party to convert me to Arminianism; for I apprehend a man may be a warm advocate for either, without having any proper views of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is a message of pure grace and mercy from God.

Christianity seems rather to consist in a true conformity to the divine will, and word of God; obeying from the heart that pure form of doctrine, delivered to us by Christ and his Apostles; the man who is guided and influenced by the gospel, is under the guidance and influence of the holy ghost, by whom he is led into all truth; but the separate spirit you are contending for, (you are conscious) leads into no truth to be depended upon. For instance. This supposed spirit has led you to consider the love of God, as particular to a very small part of mankind.

GRANDEUR OF THE BIBLE.

INTERESTING TESTIMONY.

WE account the Scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

I rest in the Bible as the only book in which is found true eloquence and wisdom.—*Picus Mirandula.*

The Bible is a matchless volume; it is impossible we can study it too much, or esteem it too highly.—*Boyle.*

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—*Milton.*

No writers, from the invention of letters to the present time, are equal to the penmen of the books of the Old and New Testament, in true excellence, utility, and dignity.—*Dr. David Hartley.*

I will hazard the assertion that no man ever did, or ever will become, truly eloquent without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.—*Fisher Ames.*

I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sensibility, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may be written.—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

I can easily conceive why the Bible was one of the four volumes which always lay on Byron's table; and it would be easy to fill a lecture with the testimonies, written or unwritten, which painters, sculptors, orators and poets, have rendered to the most thought-suggesting book in the world.—*Hamilton.*

When I commenced my duties of professor of theology, I feared that the frequency with which I should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture would abate the interest in my own mind in reading them: but after more than fifty years of study, it is my experience that with every class my interest increases.—*Prof. Leonard Woods.*

From the time that, at my mother's feet, or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.—*Daniel Webster.*

I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustable mine of knowledge and virtue.—*John Quincy Adams.*

I must confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me; the holiness of the evangelists speaks to my heart, and has such strong and striking characters of truth, and is, moreover, so perfectly imitable, that if it had been the invention of men, the inventors would be greater than the greatest heroes.—*Rousseau.*

If you have ever tried it, you must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas which survive the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings; and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first reading, on reverting to them, you find that many of those were not so striking, or weighty, or original, as you thought. But the word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings; and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and carefully, is the surest of finding new wonders there.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

Oh, come! let us walk in the light of the Lord! As it beams from the page of life-giving Word! 'Tis a lamp to our feet, and we go not astray While we follow the path that's illumined by its ray,

That path by the prophets and patriarchs trod, Still bright with the steps of the chosen of God.

—*W. H. Burleigh.*

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord! Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose on time,
And on its dark and troubled billows still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The everlasting hills, pointed the sinner's eye.

—*Pollok.*

OUR BABY.

DID you ever see our baby—

Little Tot?

With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—

Tell you what,

She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Tot, she is our little darling,

And to me,

All her little ways are witty:
Every word is just as pretty

As can be—

Not another in the city

Sweet as she.

You don't think so?—never saw her?

Wish you could

See her with her playthings clattering—

Her little tongue chattering—

Little dancing feet come patterning;

Think you would

Love her just as well as I do—

If you could.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God or man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

AN ECDOTE.—An Irish Roman Catholic once said to another, who had taken the pledge, and received a medal from Father Matthew, “And so you have signed the teetotal pledge, have you?” “Indeed I have; and I am not ashamed of it either.” “And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach’s sake?” “So he did,” said the teetotaller; “but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach.”

DO THEY BELIEVE IT?—We are often asked the question, do the preachers of endless torment believe their doctrine? This is only known to God and themselves. Their conduct frequently shows they do not think much about it. The jokes they indulge in, the hilarity they manifest, and the levity frequently evinced in the midst of the most solemn questions, are difficulties, on the supposition they believe the doctrine, we cannot explain. The Rev. C. Spurgeon said, at one of their recent college meetings, that they kept the students from living together, as this tended to levity among them. “*Levity*,” we said, among Mr. Spurgeon’s hell-fire preachers; can this be so? Well may the people ask, do they believe the doctrine that should cover all creatures with a pall of mourning and the spirit of sadness?

WORSHIP OF SUCCESS.—But apart even from these coarser and more glaring forms of evil influence, who among us is not conscious, around him on all sides, within his own self, of feelings and tendencies, often, indeed, antagonistic among themselves, yet closely akin to those which are lowering France—of that moral lassitude, that despair of good from above or from below in the social cosmos, that worship of brute strength, that sympathy with clever success often amounting to a tacit accomplishment in its rascalities, that lazy acquiescence in evil realities, that tolerance of cant for want of faith, or intolerance of faith because we dare not acknowledge the existence of aught but cant—that practical godlessness, in a word, assuming as it does the most varied forms, compatible at once with the most feverish physical and intellectual activity, and with absolute torpor of the whole man—which alone could have stilled demands for reform, maintained Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the Conservative party, enabled the *Record* or the *Saturday Review* to live, and decent folk to read them, allowed the *Times* to dictate to public opinion, made Mr. Carlyle a prophet for a large portion of our youth, and created a sympathy between free England and the great slave-power of Northern America?—*Spectator.*

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Whoever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness, that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

AN OBEDIENT SON.—A boy was tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree his father had forbidden him to touch. “You need not be afraid,” said they; “for if your father should find out you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you.” “That is the very reason,” replied the boy, “why I should not touch them. It is true my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else.” Was not this an excellent reason?

CHURCH PROGRESS.—A London rector, occupying a prominent position, according to the *Westminster Review*, has recently published a pamphlet with the title—“Forgiveness after Death: does the Bible or the Church of England affirm it to be impossible?” He does not hesitate to declare, that neither Bible nor Church affirm that final restoration is impossible. He evidently agrees with Maurice concerning the word *eternal* in the Scriptures, and he argues that the withdrawal of the 42nd article of the creed which was prepared for the condemnation of believers in universal salvation, is conclusive proof that the Church of England was willing to retain in her communion those who disbelieved in a doctrine so awful as that of endless punishment.

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.—A pastor was making a call upon an old lady, who made a habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlour her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added: “Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find some virtue or good quality even in him.” Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and voluntarily replied: “Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan’s industry and perseverance.”

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